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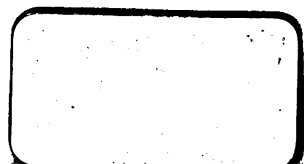
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INFANT SCHOOL READER.

BY

WILLIAM J. UNWIN, M.A.,

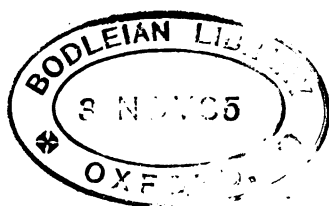
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PREFACE.

THIS Manual may be used as an ordinary Reading Book, or to teach reading by means of writing. On the latter plan, what the scholars read they first write, and what they write they must read and understand. The following course is recommended:—

I. EXERCISES OF THE HAND AND EYE, PREPARATORY TO WRITING.

1. Explanation of the terms *above*, *below*, *middle*, *right*, and *left*, by means of points placed in different positions. 2. Elements of form—*straight*, *perpendicular*, *horizontal*, and *oblique lines*. 3. Explanation of the Mulhauser method of writing.

II. EXERCISES OF THE ORGANS OF SPEECH AND OF THE EAR, PREPARATORY TO READING.—1. Elementary Sounds. 2. Syllabic Elements. 3. Words. 4. Sentences. 5. Reading to the scholars.

III. WRITING AND READING.—1. Oral Exercises. The scholars repeat after the teacher a syllable or word. The vowel sound is practised in other words. Words are separated into syllables, which are repeated by the scholars individually and collectively; after which the word is practised till it is clearly enunciated. The children are not to spell the syllables or words, but exercises on the Normal Chart will be found useful. Explanation of words and sentences must always be given. 2. Writing. When a syllable or word has been acquired it is written on a black board—the form of the letters is pointed out and imitated by the scholars, *first* on the board, *then* on their tablets. 3. Reading the written characters from the board. 4. Comparison of the written and printed characters. The teacher points out the differences between them, and the scholars find the printed sign on the wall tablet. 5. Reading the printed characters in this Manual.

IV. WRITING THE READING LESSONS.—The lessons from the 5th section should be written on the slate or on paper.

V. HOME EXERCISES.—As soon as practicable, the scholars should transcribe, at home, a portion of the lessons.

If the foregoing method should render the teaching of reading more easy, while it gives to early childhood the valuable instrument of writing, much will be gained for Infant School Instruction.

W. J. U.

The College, Somerset.

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INFANT SCHOOL READER.

SECTION I.

A. THE SMALL LETTERS.

i, as in *lip*; *u*, as in *nut*; *o*, as in *fox*; *a*, as in *cat*; *e*, as in *bed*.

I.

<i>i</i>	<i>u</i>	<i>t</i>	<i>l</i>	
i	u	t	l	
<i>it</i>	<i>ut</i>	<i>il</i>	<i>ul</i>	
it	ut	il	ul	
<i>lit</i>	<i>ill</i> ^o	<i>till</i> ^o	<i>tilt</i>	<i>lull</i> ^o
lit	ill	till	tilt	lull

II.

<i>o</i>	<i>a</i>	<i>n</i>	<i>m</i>
o	a	n	m

* A small circle over a letter indicates that it is mute.

lot am an not at

lot am an not at

a mill^o a mat a lot a till^o

a mill a mat a lot a till

III.

e

e

in un on en net

in un on en net

tin tun ant men ten

tin tun ant men ten

a man an ant a tun a nut

a man an ant a tun a nut

IV.

h

h

hill hut hot hat ham

hill hut hot hat ham

an ant-hill.

a hot ham.

an ant-hill.

a hot ham.

V.

p

p

pit pet pat pot pen

pit pet pat pot pen

pin lip up pan top

pin lip up pan top

a man in a mill. a hut upon a hill.

a man in a mill. a hut upon a hill.

VI.

d

d

lid den doll lad had

lid den doll lad had

a mud-hut.

a mud-hut.

a hill-top.

a hill-top.

a lad had a hat.

a lad had a hat.

VII.

j
j*jet*
jet*jam*
jam*jot*
jot*jar*
jar*a lid on a jar. a lad had a pen.*

a lid on a jar. a lad had a pen.

VIII.

g
g*dog*
dog*jug*
jug*peg*
peg*pig*
pig*gun*
gun

a peg-top.
a peg-top.

a tin jug.
a tin jug.

a mad dog.
a mad dog.

a hat on a peg.
a hat on a peg.

IX.

y
y

yet yon yam yell yelp
yet yon yam yell yelp

a yelp-ing dog. yon-der is a man.
a yelp-ing dog. yon-der is a man.

a pen on a mat. a dull lad.
a pen on a mat. a dull lad.

X.

b
b

bit *bed* *big* *bell*^o *but-ton*
 bit bed big bell but-ton

a big dog. *a gilt bell.* *a bad pen.*
 a big dog. a gilt bell. a bad pen.

XI.

f
 f

fin *fig* *fun* *fog* *fond*
 fin fig fun fog fond

fan *fen* *flag* *flat* *form*
 fan fen flag flat form

a flag on a hill.
 a flag on a hill.

XII.

r
 r

<i>rim</i>	<i>rip-ple</i>	<i>rud-der</i>	<i>rob-in</i>
rim	rip'-ple	rud'-der	rob'-in

<i>rug</i>	<i>rat</i>	<i>fur</i>	<i>red</i>
rug	rat	fur	red

<i>a fur muff.</i>	<i>a pur-ple fig.</i>
a fur muff.	a pur'-ple fig.

XIII.

<i>v</i>	<i>w</i>
v	w

<i>vin-e-gar</i>	<i>riv-er</i>	<i>wig</i>	<i>wind</i>
vin'-e-gar	riv'-er	wig	wind

<i>win-ter</i>	<i>val-ley</i>	<i>van</i>	<i>west</i>
win'-ter	val'-ley	van	west

<i>a west wind.</i>	<i>a vel-vet cap.</i>
a west wind.	a vel'-vet cap.

XIV.

k

k

kit-ten duck rock ket-tle tick-et
 kit'-ten duck rock ket'-tle tick-et

a rock in a riv-er. a tin ket-tle.
 a rock in a riv'-er. a tin ket'-tle.

XV.

s

s

sis-ter sun sand sev-en staff
 sis'-ter sun sand sev'-en staff

a hot sun. a sand hill. a flag-staff.
 a hot sun. a sand hill. a flag-staff.

a duck swims. an el-der sis-ter.
 a duck swims. an el'-der sis-ter.

XVI.

th

th, as in this.

this thus then that thith-er
 this thus then that thith'-er

with-er teth-er leath-er gath-er
 with'-er teth'-er leath'-er gath'-er

gath-er that ap-ple. sing this song.
 gath'-er that ap'-ple. sing this song.

XVII.

z

z, as in zinc.

zinc zen-ith zeph-yr
 zinc zen'-ith zeph'-yr

zinc, a met-al. zeph-yr, a soft wind.
 zinc, a met'-al. zeph'-yr, a soft wind.

XVIII.

ng

ng

<i>wing</i>	<i>song</i>	<i>string</i>	<i>ang-ler</i>
wing	song	string	ang'-ler

<i>long</i>	<i>thing</i>	<i>king</i>	<i>fang</i>
long	thing	king	fang

<i>a long</i>	<i>string.</i>	<i>ten</i>	<i>finger-ers.</i>
a long	string.	ten	fin'-gers.

XIX.

th

th, as in thin.

<i>thim-ble</i>	<i>this-tle</i>	<i>pith</i>	<i>thin</i>
thim'-ble	this'-tle	pith	thin

<i>a sil-ver thim-ble.</i>	<i>a prick-ly this-tle</i>
a sil'-ver thim'-ble.	a prick'-ly this'-tle

XX.

sh

sh

<i>fish</i>	<i>shun</i>	<i>shell</i>	<i>shelf</i>	<i>shot</i>
fish	shun	shell	shelf	shot

<i>shad-ow</i>	<i>shov-el</i>	<i>wish</i>	<i>dish</i>
shad'-ow	shov'-el	wish	dish

fish live in ponds. a dish of plums.
 fish live in ponds. a dish of plums.

XXI.

ch

ch

<i>chip</i>	<i>chis-el</i>	<i>chil-dren</i>	<i>chill</i>
chip	chis'-el	chil'-dren	chill

<i>hap-py</i>	<i>chil-dren.</i>	<i>a chill wind.</i>
hap'-py	chil'-dren.	a chill wind.

XXII.

wh

wh

<i>whip</i>	<i>whig</i>	<i>whim</i>	<i>whis-per</i>
whip	whig	whim	whis'-per
<i>a thick whip.</i>	<i>whis-per soft-ly.</i>		
a thick whip.	whis'-per soft'-ly.		

XXIII.

y

y=i, as in lip.

<i>can-o-py</i>	<i>brev-i-ty</i>	<i>rem-e-dy</i>
can'-o-py	brev'-i-ty	rem'-e-dy
<i>car-ry</i>	<i>in-fan-cy</i>	<i>a-gil-i-ty</i>
car'-ry	in'-fan-cy	a-gil'-i-ty
<i>hon-es-ty</i>	<i>lib-er-ty</i>	<i>fam-i-ly</i>
hon'-es-ty	lib'-er-ty	fam'-i-ly

a, as in age; e, as in eve; i, as in ice; o, as in rose;
u, as in tube.

XXIV.

a

a

<i>take</i>	<i>cape</i>	<i>dale</i>	<i>name</i>	<i>age</i>
take	cape	dale	name	age

an hon-est name is bet-ter than
an hon'-est name is bet'-ter than

wealth.

wealth.

hens lay eggs.

hens lay eggs.

XXV.

e

e

<i>eve-ning</i>	<i>e-quat</i>	<i>e-vil</i>	<i>breeze</i>
eve'-ning	e'-qual	e'-vil	breeze

c

eve-ning brings rest to the wea-ry.

eve'-ning brings rest to the wea'-ry.

the leaves rus-tle in the breeze.

the leaves rus'-tle in the breeze.

XXVI.

i

i

pine fire wire life file
pine fire wire life file

a bright fire. iron wire. life is short.
a bright fire. iron wire. life is short.

XXVII.

o

o

rose bolt robe home hope
rose bolt robe home hope

<i>cold</i>	<i>o-val</i>	<i>fro-zen</i>	<i>clo-ver</i>
cold	o'-val	fro'-zen	clo'-ver

ice is fro-zen wa-ter.

ice is fro'-zen wa-ter.

the rose is both sweet and love-ly.

the rose is both sweet and love-ly.

XXVIII.

u

u

<i>flute</i>	<i>ru-ler</i>	<i>ru-by</i>	<i>you</i>
flute	ru'-ler	ru'-by	you

ru-by, a prec-ious stone.

ru'-by, a prec'-ious stone.

flute, a mu-si-cal in-stru-ment.

flute, a mu'-si-cal in'-stru-ment.

XXIX.

z

z

z, as in azure.

az-ure

az'-ure

gla-zier

gla'-zier

sei-zure

sei'-zure

an az-ure sky.

an az'-ure sky.

the gla-zier mends win-dows.

the gla'-zier mends win'-dows.

a, as in arm; o, as in tomb; u, as in bull.

XXX.

a

a

a-larm ark mast raft clasp

a-larm' ark mast raft clasp

a ship with tall masts.

a ship with tall masts.

a sil-ver clasp.

a sil'-ver clasp.

a gold ring.

a gold ring.

XXXI.

o

o

<i>room</i>	<i>pool</i>	<i>book</i>	<i>foot</i>	<i>roof</i>
room	pool	book	foot	roof

roof, the cov-er-ing of a house.

roof, the cov'-er-ing of a house.

li-bra-ry, a room for books.

li'-bra-ry, a room for books.

XXXII.

u

u

<i>pul-ley</i>	<i>sug-ar</i>	<i>bush</i>	<i>bull-ock</i>
pul'-ley	sug'-ar	bush	bull'-ock

sugar is the juice of a plant, the

sugar is the juice of a plant, the

sugar cane.

sugar cane.

a, as in ball; ou, as in our.

XXXIII.

a

a

<i>all</i>	<i>ball</i>	<i>wall</i>	<i>walk</i>	<i>lawn</i>
all	ball	wall	walk	lawn

a pleas-ant walk.

a pleas'-ant walk.

lawn, a large grass plat.

lawn, a large grass plat.

XXXIV.

ou

ou

house couch grouse mouse trout

house couch grouse mouse trout

grouse live on the moors.

grouse live on the moors.

the mouse fears the cat.

the mouse fears the cat.

XXXV.

c

c=s, or k.

ac-id plac-id spice pac-i-fy pace

ac'id plac'id spice pac'i-fy pace

cat cab-i-net cab-bage cat-tle

cat cab'i-net cab'bage cat'tle

the gro-cer sells sug-ar and spice.

the gro'cer sells sug'ar and spice.

cat-tle eat grass in the fields.

cat'-tle eat grass in the fields.

XXXVI.

qu

qu=k.

liq-uor o-paque ob-lique mosqu

liq'-uor o-paque' ob-lique' mosque

wood is o-paque.

wood is o-paque'.

glass is trans-pa-rent.

glass is trans-pa'-rent.

SECTION II.

B. CAPITAL LETTERS.

a=A. Al-fred. Ab-er-deen. Ay.

a = A. Al'-fred. Ab'-er-deen. Ay.

b = B. Ber-nard. Bris-tol.

b = B. Ber'-nard. Bris'-tol.

c = C. Charles. Cork. Ches-ter.

c = C. Charles. Cork. Ches'-ter.

d = D. Dan-iel. Dub-lin.

d = D. Dan'-iel. Dub'-lin.

e = E. Em-ma. Ed-in-burgh.

e = E. Em'-ma. Ed'-in-burgh.

f = F. Fan-ny. Fleet-wood.

f = F. Fan'-ny. Fleet'-wood.

g = G. George. Gates-head.

g = G. George. Gates'-head.

h = H. Hen-ry. Has-tings.

h = H. Hen'-ry. Has'-tings.

i = I. I-saac. In-ver-ness.

i = I. I'-saac. In-ver-ness'.

j = J. John. Jane. Jut-land.
j = J. John. Jane. Jut'-land.

k = K. Kath-e-rine. Ken-dal.
k = K. Kath'-e-rine. Ken'-dal.

l = L. Lu-cy. Lon-don. Leeds.
l = L. Lu'-cy. Lon'-don. Leeds.

m = M. Ma-ry. Maid-stone.
m = M. Ma'-ry. Maid'-stone.

n = N. Na-than-i-el. Nice.
n = N. Na-than'-i-el. Nice.

o = O. Ol-i-ver. Old-ham.
o = O. Ol'-i-ver, Old'-ham.

p = P. Pe-ter. Perth. Par-is.
p = P. Pe'-ter. Perth. Par'-is.

q = Q. Quen-tin. Queens-town.
q = Q. Quen'-tin. Queens'-town.

s = R. Rob-ert. Read-ing.

r = R. Rob'-ert. Read'-ing.

s = S. Sa-rah. Staf-ford. Sli-go.

s = S. Sa'-rah. Staf'-ford. Sli'-go.

t = T. Thom-as. Taun-ton.

t = T. Thom'-as. Taun'-ton.

u = U. U-lys-ses. Ux-bridge.

u = U. U-lys'-ses. Ux'-bridge.

v = V. Val-en-tine. Ven-ice.

v = V. Val'-en-tine. Ven'-ice.

w = W. Wil-liam. Wor-ces-ter.

w = W. Wil'-liam. Wor'-ces-ter.

x = X. Xerx-es. Xan-tip-pe.

x = X. Xerx'-es. Xan-tip'-pe.

y = Y. York. Yar-mouth.

y = Y. York. Yar'-mouth.

z = Z. *Ze-no.* *Zen-o-phon.*
 z = Z. Ze'-no. Zen'-o-phon.

SECTION III.

SENTENCES.

A rope is made of hemp.

A rope is made of hemp.

Bread is made from wheat.

Bread is made from wheat.

Care not for what you can-not have.

Care not for what you can'-not have.

Dil-i-gence is the pa-rent of success.

Dil'-i-gence is the pa'-rent of suc-cess'.

Ev-e-ry good gift comes from God.

Ev'-e-ry good gift comes from God.

Favour is de-ceit-ful, beauty vain.

Fa'-vour is de-ceit'-ful, beau'-ty vain.

God can see me and hear me,

God can see me and hear me,

He will love them that love him.

He will love them that love him.

I must not tell a lie.

I must not tell a lie.

Judge not that ye be not judg-ed.

Judge not that ye be not judg'-ed.

Keep everything to its proper use.

Keep ev'-e-ry-thing to its prop'-er use.

Lap-land is a cold coun-try.

Lap'-land is a cold coun'-try.

Mex-i-co pro-du-ces sil-ver.

Mex'-i-co pro-du'-ces sil'-ver.

Nothing is to be got without pains.

Noth'-ing is to be got with-out' pains.

One hour now is worth two hence.

One hour now is worth two hence.

'Put everything in its proper place.

Put ev'-e-ry-thing in its prop'-er place.

Quail, a bird good for food.

Quail, a bird good for food.

Ren-der not e-vil for e-vil.

Ren'-der not e'-vil for e'-vil.

Sin is the cause of all our woe.

Sin is the cause of all our woe.

The lark sings in the morn-ing.

The lark sings in the morn'-ing.

Un-der-stand what you read.

Un-der-stand' what you read.

Vic-to-ri-a, queen of Eng-land.

Vic-to'-ri-a, queen of Eng'-land.

We hear by the ear, see by the eye.

We hear by the ear, see by the eye.

Xerx-es was king of Per-si-a.

Xerx'-es was king of Per'-si-a.

You must not boast of your skill.

You must not boast of your skill.

Zeal is good if prudence go with it.

Zeal is good if pru'-dence go with it.

The Lord is good. He

The Lord is good. He

made all things. He takes care

made all things. He takes care

of me. He feeds the birds and

of me. He feeds the birds and

beasts. He makes the trees grow.

beasts. He makes the trees grow.

He gives me all I have. I

He gives me all I have. I
will love him with all my heart,
 will love him with all my heart,
and serve him all my days.
 and serve him all my days.

A worm can crawl, but a hare

A worm can crawl, but a hare
can run. Leaves fade in the

can run. Leaves fade in the
fall of the year. A small leak
 fall of the year. A small leak

will sink a ship. A rolling
 will sink a ship. A rol'-ling

stone gathers no moss.
 stone gath'-ers no moss.

SECTION IV.

LESSONS ON THE VOWEL SOUNDS.

a, as in age.

It is late. Take the plate. A sha-dy lane.
We go by the lake. We may make hay to-day.
A cage is on the ta-ble. Wake the ba-by.
Take the cake to the ba-by. It is a lame mare.
Bathe it in the lake. Near the gate is a snake.
We may play a game in the sha-dy lane.
Place the cage on the ta-ble. Wake the ape.
It is a hare; he gave it to me.
Take a rake and make hay to-day in the lane.

a, as in arm.

A dark path. The large barn. The farm-yard.
The cart is in the path. The mast of a bark.
Is it far to the farm? Go in the path, it is dark.
The ox is in the large barn, in the farm-yard.
May I go in-to the park? Hark! it is a lark.
Take the grass to the barn in the farm-yard.
It is the path to the farm. Is it far to the park?
The mast of the bark shakes in the gale.
The large jar is on the car-pet.
Mark James, he is last in the class.
Ar-thur is first in the class.

a, as in ball.

He is in the hall. The straw is in the barn.
He is at play. The day dawns, call James.
It is a fault to be late. Malt is made of bar-ley.
Ale is made of malt. We may play at ball.
The wa-ter was so warm as to scald the ba-by.
The ox ate the straw. I saw the tall mast.
He was on the wall of the park.
The swan sails on the wa-ter of the lake.
The gar-den wall is high.

a, as in cat.

We caught a large rat in the trap.
The cat ate the rat that was in the trap.
The lamb plays on the grass in the park.
It is a tame lamb; do not chase it.
Shall we ask the man to plant the ash?
The man says he shall plant it to-day.
We may go to the farm by the path in the lane.
If I wa-ter a plant, I take rain wa-ter.
Salt wa-ter may do harm to a plant.
I saw a cart of hay; a lamb ate some of the hay.

e, as in eve.

See the sheep feed-ing in the field. What
do the sheep eat? The sheep eat the grass
and dai-sies.

Three of the sheep are small. They are young sheep; young sheep are call-ed lambs. The lambs play in the field. They are tame lambs.

Take these dai-sies in your hand. Call the lamb. See if it will feed out of your hand. Ah, no; it was a-fraid, it ran a-way. Do not chase it. See, it stands near us. It peeps at us. It walks back a-gain to us. Feel its warm white fleece. It has eat-en all the dai-sies out of my hand.

I see ox-en in the field. Do ox-en eat grass? Ox-en do eat grass, and hay and straw.

e, as in bed.

Let us walk in-to the farm-yard to see the hens and the geese. Take some wheat to feed them. See, they all come round us. They want to be fed. Let the wheat fall from your hand. See how fast the hens peck at it. The geese stretch out their long necks to get it. They have eat-en all the wheat. Shall I get more wheat? No, they have had e-nough.

It is time for the hens to go to bed. The hens go to bed at sun-set, and get up a-gain at day-break. It is well to go to bed ear-ly, and to get up ear-ly.

A hen has made a nest. There is an egg in the nest. Take the egg up gently. Do not break it. You may have the egg for break-fast.

i, as in ice.

What a large vine. It is full of fine ripe grapes. Do you like grapes? Yes, they are very nice. In some lands wine is made of grapes, but the grapes that are made in-to wine are larger and sweeter than any we have here.

There is an apple tree. It is time to gather the apples. What shall we do with the apples? You shall have one to eat by and by, and we will bake part of them in a pie. Apple pie is very nice. Apples are sometimes made in-to cider.

i, as in lip.

Birds have wings to fly with. They can spread their wings, and fly up high in the air, or sit and sing in the tall trees, or hop about upon the ground, and pick up crumbs and little insects.

Fish cannot fly in the air, they have no wings. Fish cannot walk on the ground, they have no legs. Fish have fins to swim in the water with.

We can-not fly in the air like birds. We have no wings. We can-not live in the wa-ter like fish-es, but we may learn to swim up-on the top of the wa-ter a lit-tle way. And we can walk as far as we wish up-on the ground.

o, as in rose.

It is win-ter. How cold it is. What is this up-on the ground? It is snow. Snow is fro-zen rain. When it is ver-y cold, snow falls from the clouds in-stead of rain. How soft and white the snow is. It is pret-ti-er than rain. Ev-er-y thing out of doors looks white. The trees are bend-ing un-der their snow-y load, and the hedg-es, and the fields, and the hous-es, are all cov-er-ed with a thick, white robe. What will the flow-ers do? They are quite hid-den. Oh, the snow does good to the flow-ers. It cov-ers them up safe from the frost, and from the cold wind.

o, as in tomb.

It is time to go to school; get your books. What are you look-ing for? I can-not find my cap. Where did you leave it? I took it up in-to my own room, and some one has moved it. You should have hung it up in its place.

If you put your things in their pla-ces, you would not lose them. A good boy will val-ue his time too much to spend it in look-ing for things, which would be seen at once if they were put in their prop-er pla-ces. Here is your cap; it was on the stool. Now, make haste, or you will be late at school. Take pains with all your les-sons, and try to im-prove. Boys should learn some-thing ev-er-y day. Which do you like best, books or play? I think I like my books best. That is good. Chil-dren who do not like books bet-ter than play are not like-ly to prove good or wise men and wom-en.

o, as in fox.

It has been a hot day, but it is now cool; it is eve-ning. The sun has gone down be-hind yon cloud in the west-ern sky. The smoke curls slow-ly up-ward from the cot-tage. The song of the birds is no long-er heard. They are a-sleep in their soft nests. The fowls are gone to roost in the loft. Tom is gone to fetch the cows to be milked. They come low-ing a-long the lane. See, they stop at the pond to drink. Look at their long horns. They will soon be off a-gain to the cool pas-ture. The hor-ses toss their long manes, and

trot gai-ly home: they seem to know that it is eve-ning and that their work is done.

u, as in tube.

Did you ev-er see an el-e-phant? No, but I am sure that I should like to see one. It must be a huge crea-ture. Yes, it is the lar-gest quad-ru-ped. Its bod-y and legs are so large and heav-y, you might think at first sight that it was stu-pid; but this would be far from the truth, as you would soon find it is ver-y clev-er and a-mus-ing.

The most cu-ri-ous thing an el-e-phant has is his trunk; this is a long tube, which he can move ev-er-y way, and which is, in truth, a ver-y use-ful hand. He takes up his food with it, and puts it in-to his mouth; he can use it to pick up the small-est pin, or to hold any-thing so firm-ly, that no force can take it from him. The el-e-phant is not cru-el, like the li-on, even when wild; and he may be tamed so as to be most gen-tle and o-be-di-ent. He will car-ry men on his back, and go long jour-neys, as the horse does—and he will kneel down and let peo-ple mount him, or suf-fer him-self to be load-ed. He will car-ry a ver-y great weight for a long way with-out

be-ing tired. If ill-used, or made an-gry, he is no long-er gen-tle, but is fu-ri-ous, and nev-er stops till he has pun-ished those who in-jured him.

u, as in bull.

It is spring; we will go in-to the woods; the trees are full of young leaves, and the hedg-es and banks are rich with pur-ple vi-o-lets, and pale prim-ro-ses, and yel-low cow-slips. We will pull some flow-ers: pull this bas-ket full. Hark! did you hear that noise? Yes; it is the voice of a bird which is al-ways heard in the spring. It is the cuc-koo, which then comes from some far dis-tant land to vis-it us. She stays but a short time—fly-ing a-way a-gain be-fore the sum-mer is quite gone.

I will tell you a ver-y cu-ri-ous thing a-bout the cuc-koo. It is this:—she nev-er builds her own nest, but uses the nest of some other bird to lay her eggs in. The young cuc-koos are ver-y strong, and if they think the nest is full-er than it should be, they turn out the oth-er poor lit-tle birds, or push them o-ver the nest, and make them-selves room e-nough. This is ver-y rude and cru-el, is it not? Yet

we all love the cuc-koo, be-cause its pleas-ant voice tells us spring is come.

u, as in nut.

Sum-mer is gone, and au-tumn is here; the reap-er cuts down the ripe corn, and the wag-gon slow-ly pass-es through the har-vest field, load-ed with the rich yel-low sheaves. The buds of the spring have blos-somed, and the sun has ri-pened them in-to ripe pur-ple fruit—plums and cur-rants, and pears, and ap-ples, and peach-es, and nuts.

Do you know that nuts grow wild in the woods, and man-y lit-tle boys and girls spend the long sun-ny af-ter-noons in nut-ting? It is rough work: man-y a coat and frock are torn, and man-y a tum-ble hap-pens in the search. But boys and girls, too, make light of these troub-les and hurts, and scram-ble through the bri-ars and un-der-wood, and jump o-ver the stumps of trees, and thrust their hands a-mong the bush-es in hunt-ing for the lar-gest clus-ters. As soon as it is dusk they hur-ry home with bags full of trea-sures, and tongues all read-y to tell of their ad-ven-tures.

ou, as in *our*.

The field mouse is a lit-tle brown an-i-mal, which makes its nest in a wheat or bar-ley field. It robs the farm-er of his corn for food and digs a hole in the ground, in which it hides a-way a store for win-ter use. Some-times the plough turns up its lit-tle house, and it los-es both its hoard and its snug home. Some-times, too, the plough-man or his dog catch-es and kills the poor lit-tle mouse, as it is frisk-ing a-bout un-der the tall stalks of corn. He has oth-er en-e-mies be-sides. The owl, who comes out of her hol-low tree at night, to seek for food, oft-en poun-ces up-on the poor lit-tle mouse, and makes a meal of him, and some-times he finds him-self fast bound in the claws of the wild cat. If none of these things hap-pen, the field mouse is a hap-py, mer-ry, lit-tle fel-low, feed-ing his young ones, play-ing a-bout in the brown fur-row, or sleep-ing in his small house, as sound as you do on your nice warm bed.

SECTION V.

MISCELLANEOUS LESSONS.

LESSON I.—THE MONTHS.

It is Jan-u-a-ry. It is ver-y cold. It snows. It freez-es. There are no leaves upon the trees. The oil is fro-zen, and the milk is fro-zen, and the riv-er is fro-zen, and ev-er-y thing in the fields is fro-zen.

All the boys are sli-ding: you must learn to slide. There is a man ska-ting. How fast he goes! You shall have a pair of skates. Take care! there is a hole in the ice. Come in. It is four o'clock. It is dark. Light the can-dles: and, Ralph! get some wood from the wood-house, and get some coals, and make a very good fire.

Feb-ru-ar-y is ver-y cold too, but the days are long-er, and there is the yel-low cro-cus com-ing up, and there are some white snow-drops peep-ing up their lit-tle heads. Pret-ty white snow-drop, with a green stalk! May I gath-er it? Yes, you may; but you must al-ways ask leave be-fore you gath-er a flow-er. What a noise the rooks make, Caw, caw, caw; and how bus-y they are! They are go-ing to

build their nests. There is a man ploughing the field.

LESSON II.—THE GLOW-WORM.

What is that bright spot of green light under the hedge? See, there is another and another! Ah! they move; how fast they run about! Is it fire? it is like wild-fire; they are like little stars upon the ground.

Take one of them in your hand, it will not burn you. How it moves about in my hand; my hand has fire in it. What is it? Bring it into the house; bring it to the candle. Ah, it is a little worm; it hardly shines at all now. It is called a glow-worm.

In some countries there are insects which fly about in the summer evenings, and give a great deal more light than the glow-worm: you may see to read by two or three of them together. They are called fire-flies.

LESSON III.—TO A RED-BREAST.

Lit-tle bird, with bo-som red,
Wel-come to my hum-ble shed!
Dai-ly near my ta-ble steal,
While I pick my scan-ty meal.
Doubt not, lit-tle though there be,
But I'll cast a crumb to thee;

Well re-paid, if I but spy,
Pleas-ure in thy glan-cing eye ;
See thee, when thou'st eat thy fill,
Plume thy breast, and wipe thy bill.
Come, my feath-er'd friend, a-gain !
Well thou know'st the bro-ken pane.
Ask of me thy dai-ly store ;
Ev-er wel-come to my door.—*Langhorne.*

LESSON IV.—RAIN.

Rain comes from the clouds. Look, there are black clouds. How fast they move a-long ! Now they have hid the sun. They have cov-ered up the sun, just as you cov-er up your face when you throw a hand-ker-chief o-ver it. There is a lit-tle bit of blue sky still. Now there is no blue sky at all : it is all black with the clouds. It is ver-y dark, like night. It will rain soon. Now it be-gins. What large drops ! The ducks are ver-y glad, but the lit-tle birds are not glad ; they go and shel-ter them-selves un-der the trees. Now the rain is o-ver. It was on-ly a shower. Now the flowers smell sweet, and the sun shines, the lit-tle birds sing a-gain, and it is not so hot as it was be-fore it rained.

LESSON V.—THE LAW

The law of God is in the Bi-ble. It is there laid down in words so plain that a child may know what it means ; and those who would be good, will learn the law of God, and try to do as they are told in the Bi-ble.

The first law of God is in these words :
“ Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy soul, with all thy strength, and with all thy mind.”

God is so good that we ought to love Him ; and if our hearts were right, we should love Him more than we love the best friend we have on earth. He gives us all the good things we have. It is in Him we live and move. If He did not hold us up with His kind hand, we could not stand, or walk, or breathe.

But more than this, we ought to love God, He is so pure, and wise, and ho-ly. The an-gels who dwell in His sight, and love to do His will, are hap-py in His love. And we should love Him who hates sin.

This is the FIRST GREAT LAW which God has laid down in His word, and all those who know Him, and love Him as they ought, are

His friends, and will be hap-py in His love and serv-ice, now, and in the life that is to come. "I will love them that love Me, and those that seek me ear-ly shall find me."

These are the words of God, and they teach chil-dren to seek God while He may be found.

LESSON VI.—THE MONTHS.

It is March. Now the wind blows! It will blow such a lit-tle fel-low as you a-way, al-most. There is a tree blown down.

Here are some young lambs. Poor things! how they creep un-der the hedge. What is this flow-er? A prim-rose.

A-pril is come, and the birds sing, and the trees are in blos-som, and flow-ers are com-ing out, and but-ter-flies, and the sun shines. Now it rains. It rains and the sun shines. There is a rain-bow. O what fine col-ours! Pret-ty bright rain-bow! No, you can-not catch it, it is in the sky. It is go-ing a-way. It fades. It is quite gone. I hear the Cuc-koo. He says, Cuc-koo! cuc-koo! He is come to tell us it is spring.

It is May. O pleas-ant May! Let us walk out in the fields. The haw-thorn is in blos-som. Let us go and get some out of the hed-ges.

And here are dai-sies, and cow-slips, and crow-flow-ers. We will make a nose-gay. Here is a bit of thread to tie it with. Smell! it is ver-y sweet.

LESSON VII —THE BOYS AND THE FROGS.

Some boys went one day to play by the side of a pond, and they threw stones into it for fun. Now this pond was full of frogs, and when the boys threw in a stone it hit them. Then one of the frogs put up its head out of the pond, and said, "Pray do not pelt us so."

"We are but at play," said one of the boys. "True," said the frog, "but the stones you throw at us hurt us all the same. What is play to you is death to us."

We should take care when we play that our fun hurts no one.

LESSON VIII.—THE STAR.

TWIN-KLE, twin-kle, lit-tle star,
How I won-der what you are!
Up a-bove the world so high,
Like a di-a-mond in the sky.

Twin-kle, twin-kle, lit-tle star,
How I won-der what you are!

When the bla-zing sun is gone,
When he noth-ing shines upon,
Then you show your lit-tle light,
Twin-kle, twin-kle, all the night.

Twin-kle, twin-kle, lit-tle star,

How I won-der what you are!

Then the trav-el-ler in the dark,
Thanks you for your ti-ny spark;
He could not see which way to go,
If you did not twin-kle so.

Twin-kle, twin-kle, lit-tle star,

How I won-der what you are!

In the dark blue sky you keep,
While you through my cur-tains peep,
And you nev-er shut your eye
Till the sun is in the sky.

Twin-kle, twin-kle, lit-tle star,

How I won-der what you are!

As your bright and ti-ny spark
Lights the trav-el-ler in the dark,
Though I know not what you are,
Twin-kle, twin-kle, lit-tle star.

Twin-kle twin-kle, lit-tle star,

How I won-der what you are! J. TAYLOR.

LESSON IX.—THE LION.

The lion lives in a den. He is ver-y strong. He has a great deal of thick yel-low hair a-bout his neck. That is his mane. He has ver-y sharp claws: they would tear you to pie-ces. Look at him. He is ver-y an-gry. See, he lash-es his sides with his tail: his eyes spar-kle like fire. He roars; how loud he roars! It is ver-y ter-ri-ble. He shows his sharp teeth. His tongue is ver-y rough. The lion sleeps all day in his den. When it is night he comes out, and prowls a-bout to find some-thing to eat. He eats cows and sheep and hors-es, and he would eat you too, if you were with-in his reach. The lion-ess has no mane. She is like a great dog. An-y bod-y would be a-fraid of a lion if he was to come.

LESSON X.—THE TEMPTER.

Wil-liam one day was stand-ing at his fath-er's door, who told him not to go a-way, as he wished him soon to go on an er-rand. A boy who used some-times to play with Wil-liam, was pass-ing by with a kite in his hand. "Come, Wil-liam," said he, "come, go with me, and help me fly my kite. There

is a fine wind this morn-ing, and I have got twine e-nough to let her go al-most out of sight."

"I can't go," said Wil-liam. "My fath-er told me to stay here till he came back, when I am go-ing on an er-rand for him."

"How soon will he be here?" said the boy.

"I don't know;" said Wil-liam, "he may be gone half-an-hour."

"O! we shall have time e-nough, then, to go and fly the kite, and come back a-gain."

"But I must not dis-o-bey my fath-er; the Bi-ble tells me that I should o-bey my pa-rents in all things."

"If your fath-er were here, I am sure he would let you go. Be-sides, you will be back be-fore he comes, and he will not know any thing a-bout it."

"But God will know all a-bout it;" said Wil-liam; "He sees us at all times; He sees us now, and I dare not dis-please Him by dis-o-bey-ing my fath-er. I shall not go with you."

Wil-liam did right. How much hap-pi-er all lit-tle boys and girls would be, if they would do so too, when-ev-er any one tempts them to do wrong, as the boy who had the kite tempt-ed Wil-liam to dis-o-bey his fath-er.

LESSON XI.—THE MONTHS.

June is come. Get up, you must not lie so long in bed now; you must get up and walk be-fore break-fast. What noise is that? It is the mow-er whet-ting his scythe. He is go-ing to cut down the grass. And will he cut down all the flow-ers too? Yes, ev-er-y thing. The scythe is ver-y sharp. Do not come near it, you will have your legs cut off. Now we must make hay. Where is your fork and rake? Spread the hay. Now make it up in-to cocks. Now tum-ble on the hay-cock. There, cov-er him up with hay. How sweet the hay smells! O, it is ver-y hot! No mat-ter; you must make hay while the sun shines. Now put the hay in-to the cart. Will you ride in the cart? Huz-za! Hay is for pa-pa's horse to eat in win-ter, when there is no grass.

Do you love straw-ber-ries and cream? Let us go then and gath-er some straw-ber-ries. They are ripe now. Here is a ver-y large one. It is al-most too big to go in-to your mouth. Get me a bunch of cur-rants. Strip them from the stalk. The birds have pecked all the cher-ries. Where is Charles? He is sit-ting un-der a rose-bush.

Ju-ly is very hot in-deed, and the grass and flow-ers are all burnt, for it has not rained a great while. You must wa-ter your gar-den, else the plants will die. Where is the wa-ter-ing-pot? Let us go un-der the trees. It is sha-dy there, it is not so hot. Come in-to the ar-bour. There is a bee upon the hon-ey-suc-kle. He is get-ting hon-ey. He will car-ry it to the hive. Will you go and bathe in the wa-ter? Here is wa-ter. It is not deep. Pull off your clothes. Jump in. Do not be a-fraid. Pop your head in. Now you have been long e-nough. Come out, and let me dry you with this tow-el.

LESSON XII.—THE SUN.

It is a pleas-ant eve-ning. Come hith-er, Charles, look at the sun. The sun is in the west. Yes, be-cause he is go-ing to set. How pret-ty the sun looks! We can look at him now; he is not so bright as he was at din-ner time, when he was up high in the sky. And how beau-ti-ful the clouds are! There are crim-son clouds, and pur-ple and gold col-oured clouds. Now the sun is go-ing down a great pace. Now we can see on-ly

half of him. Now we can-not see him at all.
Fare-well, sun ! till to-mor-row morning.

LESSON XIII.—GOD LIVES ON HIGH.

God lives on high
Be-yond the sky,
And an-gels bright,
All clothed in white,
The prais-es sing
Of heav-en's King.

This God can see
Both you and me,
Can see at night
As in the light,
And all we do
Re-mem-bers too.

'Tis He be-stows
My food and clothes,
And my soft bed
To rest my head,
And cot-tage neat,
And moth-er sweet,

And should not I
For ev-er try

To do what He
Has or-dered me,
And dear-ly love
This friend a-bove ?

I al-ways should
Be ver-y good ;
At home should mind
My pa-rents kind,
At school o-bey
What teach-ers say.

If I have not
Done what I ought,
I am not fit
With God to sit,
And an-gels bright
All clothed in white.

I will con-fess
My naugh-ti-ness,
And will en-treat
For mer-cy sweet :
O Lord, for-give,
And let me live.

My bod-y must
Re-turn to dust ;

Then let me fly
Be-yond the sky,
And see Thy face,
In that sweet place.—*Peep of Day.*

LESSON XIV.—THE MOON.

Charles, turn your face the oth-er way, to the east. What is it that shines so be-hind the trees? Is it a fire? No, it is the moon. It is ver-y large; and how red it is! like blood. The moon is round now, be-cause it is full moon; but it will not be so round to-mor-row night; it will lose a lit-tle bit; and the next night it will lose a lit-tle bit more; and more the next night; and so on till it is like your bow when it is bent; and it will not be seen till af-ter you are in bed; and it will grow less and less, till in a fort-night there will be no moon at all. Then, af-ter that, there will be a new moon; and you will see it in the af-ter-noon: and it will be ver-y thin at first, but it will grow round-er and big-ger ev-er-y day, till at last, in an-oth-er fort-night, it will be a full moon a-gain like this, and you will see it a-gain be-hind the trees.

LESSON XV.—GOD IS HERE.

God made me, and sees me at all times. In the dark night and in the day, His eye is on me, and He hears all that I say.

If I sin, He will not love me. His law is just and good, and I must keep it.

The child who fears God and keeps His law will go in the way of the good, and do as he is told. He will not tell a lie, or take what is not his own.

God who made me, and whose law I must keep, is here. When I go out and when I come in, when I lie down and when I rise up, at home or at school, God is near me, on my right hand and on my left. O may I fear to sin, for God is here.

LESSON XVI.—THE MONTHS.

It is Au-gust. Let us go in-to the corn-fields to see if the corn is al-most ripe. Yes, it is quite brown; it is ripe. This is a grain of corn; this is an ear of corn; this stalk makes straw. Now it must be tied up in sheaves. Now put a great many sheaves to-geth-er, and

make a shock. Put it in-to the cart, farm-er Dig-go-ry! car-ry it to your barn to make bread. Sing har-vest home! har-vest home! There is a poor old wom-an pick-ing up some ears of corn; and a poor lit-tle girl that has hard-ly any clothes. They are glean-ing. Give them your hand-ful, Charles. Take it, poor wom-an, it will help to make you a loaf.

It is Sep-tem-ber. Hark! Some-bod-y is let-ting off a gun! They are shoot-ing the poor birds. Here is a bird dropped down just at your feet. It is all blood-y. Poor thing! how it flut-ters. Its wing is bro-ken. It can-not fly any fur-ther. It is go-ing to die. What bird is it? It is a par-tridge. Are you not sor-ry, Charles? It was a-live a lit-tle while a-go.

Bring the lad-der, and set it a-gainst the tree. Now bring a bas-ket. We must gath-er ap-ples. No, you can-not go up the lad-der; you must have a lit-tle bas-ket, and pick up ap-ples un-der the tree. Shake the tree. Down they come. How man-y have you got? We will have an ap-ple dump-ling. Come, you must help to car-ry the ap-ples in-to the ap-ple cham-ber. Ap-ples make ci-der.

LESSON XVII.—THE ASS.

The ass is a ver-y pa-tient an-i-mal, and there are many peo-ple that would not be able to get their bread, un-less it helped them in their work, by bear-ing great and heav-y bur-dens ; and there are some pla-ces where the hills are ver-y high, and it is ver-y hard and dan-ger-ous to trav-el o-ver the nar-row roads a-long their sides, and there the poor care-ful ass will find its way bet-ter than any man, and will car-ry the tra-vel-ler on its back from one ridge of rocks to an-oth-er, and nev-er either stum-ble or slip. Man-y hun-dred years a-go, they were used for ri-ding by per-sons of great dig-ni-ty, but they were lar-ger and hand-som-er than those we see now, and in these parts of the world.

LESSON XVIII.—HYMN.

Gen-tle Je-sus, meek and mild,
Look upon Thy lit-tle child ;
Suf-fer me to come to Thee,
Give Thy bless-ing, Lord, to me.
Fain I would to Thee be brought,
Gra-cious God, for-bid it not ;
In the king-dom of Thy grace,
Give a lit-tle child a place.

Oh, sup-ply my ev'ry want,
Feed the young and ten-der plant,
Day and night my Keep-er be,
Ev'ry mo-ment watch round me.

LESSON XIX.—THE GRASSHOPPER AND THE ANTS.

In win-ter time, when their corn had got wet, and the ants were air-ing it, a hun-gry grass-hop-per asked them for some food. The ants said to him, "Why did not you lay up some food in the sum-mer?" He said, "I had no time, I was al-ways sing-ing." The ants then laugh-ing said: "Well, if in sum-mer you were sing-ing, in win-ter you must dance."

The fa-ble shows, that we should take care, in ev-er-y ac-tion, not to do what we should be sor-ry for af-ter-wards, or what will bring us in-to troub-le.

LESSON XX.—PRAISING GOD.

Come, let us praise God, for He is ex-ceed-ing great; let us bless God, for He is good.

He made all things; the sun to rule the day, the moon to shine by night. He made the great whale, and the el-e-phant; and the lit-tle worm that crawls on the ground.

The lit-tle birds sing prais-es to God when they war-ble sweet-ly in the green shade. The brooks and riv-ers praise God when they mur-mur mel-o-di-ous-ly a-mongst the smooth peb-bles.

I will praise God with my voice ; for I may praise Him, though I am but a lit-tle child. A few years a-go, and I was a lit-tle in-fant, and my tongue was dumb with-in my mouth. And I did not know the great name of God, for my rea-son was not come to me. But now I can speak, and my tongue shall praise Him ; I can think of all His kind-ness, and my heart shall love Him.

Let Him call me and I will come un-to Him : let Him com-mand and I will o-bey Him. When I am old-er I will praise Him bet-ter, and I will nev-er for-get God as long as my life re-mains in me.—*Mrs. Barbauld.*

LESSON XXI.—THE MONTHS.

Oc-to-ber is come, Charles ; and the leaves are fal-ling off the trees, and the flow-ers are al-most gone. Will you have an-y nuts ? Fetch the nut-crack-ers. Peel this wal-nut. I will make you a lit-tle boat of the wal-nut-

shell. We must get the grapes, or else the birds will eat them all. Here is a bunch of black grapes. Here is a bunch of white ones. Which will you have? Grapes make wine.

What bird have you got there? It is dead, but it is ver-y pret-ty. It has a scar-let eye, and red, and green, and pur-ple feath-ers. It is ver-y large. It is a pheas-ant.

Dark, dis-mal No-vem-ber is come. No more flow-ers! no more pleas-ant sun-shine! no more hay-mak-ing! The sky is ver-y black: the rain pours down. Well, nev-er mind it. We will sit by the fire and read, and tell sto-ries, and look at pic-tures.

It is De-cem-ber, and Christ-mas is com-ing.

LESSON XXII.—YOUNG SHRIMPS.

Dr. Pa-ley, when walk-ing by the sea-side in a calm eve-ning, while the eb-bing tide was leav-ing the sands, fre-quent-ly re-marked a ver-y thick mist or cloud hang-ing o-ver the edge of the wa-ter. This cloud ap-peared a-bout half a yard in height, and two or three yards broad: it stretched a-long the coast as far as he could see, and he ob-served that it al-ways re-treat-ed with the wa-ter. Cu-ri-os-i-ty led him to ex-am-ine it; and he

found, that what at a distance appeared like a cloud, was in reality a multitude of young shrimps, which were amusing themselves by bounding into the air, from the shallow margin of the water, or from the wet sand.

LESSON XXIII.—THE ARK AND THE DOVE.

There was a noble ark,
Sailing o'er waters dark,
And wide a-round
Not one tall tree was seen,
Nor flower, nor leaf of green ;
Sea without bound !

Then a soft wing was spread,
And o'er the billows dread
A meek dove flew ;
But on that shoreless tide
No living thing she spied
To cheer her view.

So to the ark she fled,
With weary drooping head,
To seek for rest :
Christ is the ark, my love,—
Thou art the tender dove,—

Fly to His breast.—*Mrs. Sigourney.*

LESSON XXIV.—THE ASS IN A LION'S SKIN.

An ass which had put on a li-on's skin, went a-bout fright-en-ing the rest of the beasts. At length he saw a fox, and tried to ter-ri-fy him; but the fox, who hap-pened to have heard him some time be-fore ma-king a loud noise, said to him, "I tell you tru-ly that I my-self might have been a-larmed if I had not heard you bray." The fa-ble shows that some ig-no-rant per-sons, think-ing to ap-pear wise to those who do not know them, are proved to be oth-er-wise by their o-ver-much speak-ing.

LESSON XXV.—THE NATIVITY.

It is night. In that town a-mong those sto-ny hills man-y trav-el-lers are sleep-ing in their beds; for there is an inn, with a large court, and man-y lit-tle rooms built round the court, and those lit-tle rooms are filled this night with wea-ry trav-el-lers. The ass-es on which they rode are in the lit-tle sheds be-hind.

In one of those sheds, a-mong the ass-es, a babe is sleep-ing. It is wrapped up in long clothes, and it is ly-ing up-on a bed of hay. A poor maid-en is close be-side the babe,

look-ing up-on it with the fond-est love; while a good man is stand-ing near, watch-ing o-ver the babe and its moth-er.

Sud-den-ly the door o-pens. Sev-e-ral poor men want to come in. They seem to be out of breath from run-nig fast. When they see the babe they are de-light-ed. They are tell-ing of some-thing that they have seen in the sky. The maid-en lis-tens to all they say. She does not speak much her-self, but she at-tends to all good words, and thinks a-bout them, and re-mem-bers them a long time. She is a ten-der heart-ed heav-en-ly mind-ed maid-en.

The poor men leave the sta-ble, prais-ing God as they go, and tell-ing ev-e-ry bod-y they meet a-bout the babe in the sta-ble.

THE ANGEL'S WORDS TO THE SHEPHERDS:—
“Fear not: for, be-hold, I bring you good ti-dings of great joy, which shall be to all peo-ple.”—“*More about Jesus.*”

LESSON XXVI.—THE HARE.

What is that a-mongst the furze? I can see only its eyes. It has ver-y large full eyes. It is a hare. It is in its form, squat-ting down a-mongst the bush-es to hide it-self, for it is

ver-y tim-id. The hare is ver-y in-no-cent and gen-tle. Its col-our is brown, but in coun-tries which are ver-y cold it turns white as snow. It has a short bush-y tail ; its lip is part-ed, and ver-y hair-y ; and it al-ways moves its lips. Its hind legs are ver-y long, that it may run the bet-ter. The hare feeds upon herbs and roots, and the bark of young trees and green corn ; and some-times it will creep through the hedge, and steal into gar-dens, to eat pinks, and a lit-tle pars-ley ; and it loves to play and skip a-bout by moon-light, and to bite the ten-der blades of grass when the dew is up-on them ; but in the day-time it sleeps in its form.—*Mrs. Barbauld.*

LESSON XXVII.—THE FOX AND THE CROW.

A crow once stole a piece of cheese, and flew with it in her mouth to the top of a high tree. Near this tree lived a fox ; and when he saw the cheese he be-gan to think how he could get it for his own din-ner. So he looked up at the crow and said : “ Good morn-ing, dear Mrs. Crow ; how gay you look, and what fine wings you have ! Some say, in-deed, your voice is rough, but, for my own part, I do not be-lieve them. I am sure, if

your song is half as beau-ti-ful as your shape, there can be no bird in all the woods to match with you. What would I not give to hear you sing a song!" Now the crow was vain, and vain people are al-ways sil-ly. She was so eag-er to show the fox that all he said was true, that she tried to sing him a song. But, as soon as she o-pened her beak, down dropped the cheese; and the fox ran off with it as fast as he could. Do not be too fond of hear-ing your-self praised; there is noth-ing so fool-ish as van-i-ty.

LESSON XXVIII.—THE LAND WE HAVE NOT SEEN.

Ev'-ry morn-ing the red sun
Ri-ses warm and bright,
But the eve-ning com-eth on,
And the dark cold night.
There's a bright land far a-way,
Where 'tis nev-er end-ing day.

Ev'-ry spring the sweet young flowers
O-pen bright and gay;
Till the chil-ly au-tumn hours
With-er them a-way.
There's a land we have not seen,
Where the trees are al-ways green.

Lit-tle birds sing songs of praise
All the sum-mer long,
But in cold-er, short-er days
They for-get their song.
There's a place where an-gels sing
Cease-less prais-es to their King.

Christ our Lord is ev-er near
Those who fol-low Him ;
But we can-not see Him here,
For our eyes are dim.
There is a most hap-py place,
Where men al-ways see His face.

Who shall go to that bright land ?
All who do the right ;
Ho-ly chil-dren there shall stand,
In their robes of white.
For that heaven so bright and blest
Is our ev-er-last-ing rest !

LESSON XXIX.—THE ARAB AND HIS HORSE.

The whole stock of a poor A-rab of the
des-ert con-sist-ed of a mare which the French
Con-sul at Said wished to pur-chase, with the
in-ten-tion of send-ing her to Lou-is XIV.
The A-rab hes-i-ta-ted long, but be-ing

pressed by pov-er-ty he at length con-sent-ed, on con-dit-ion of re-ceiv-ing a ver-y large sum which he named. The Con-sul wrote to France for per-mis-sion to close the bar-gain, and hav-ing ob-tained it, sent for the A-rab to se-cure the mare and pay for her. The man ar-rived with his mag-nif-i-cent cour-ser. He dis-mount-ed, a wretch-ed spec-ta-cle with on-ly a mis-er-able rag to cov-er his bod-y. He stood lean-ing up-on the mare; the purse was ten-dered to him; he looked at the gold, then ga-zing sted-fast-ly at his mare, heaved a deep sigh; the tears trick-led down his cheeks:—"To whom is it," he ex-claimed, "that I am go-ing to yield thee up? To Eu-ro-pe-ans—who will tie thee close, who will beat thee, who will ren-der thee mis-er-a-ble! Re-turn with me, my beau-ty! my jew-ell and re-joice the hearts of my chil-dren!" As he pro-nounced the last words, he sprung up-on her back, and was out of sight in a mo-ment.—*Bingley's Stories about Horses.*

LESSON XXX.—THE STAR.

Who are these men in rich and hand-some gar-ments go-ing a-bout the streets of a great cit-y?

They seem to be stran-gers, who have come from far. They are ask-ing ques-tions of the peo-ple they meet. Ev-e-ry one seems surprised at what they say ; and man-y seem trou-b-led and ter-ri-fied ; yet no one can give an an-swer to the stran-gers.

But see, the stran-gers are stand-ing at the gate of a fine pal-ace. The ser-vants lead them in-to a room of e-nor-mous size, a-dorned with gold, and fit-ted up with large mar-ble seats.

An old man in a mag-nif-i-cent pur-ple robe re-ceives them ; he speaks to them gra-cious-ly, yet his coun-te-nance is fierce and cru-el. But the stran-gers ap-pear pleased with what that old man says, and they go a-way in good spi-rits. They mount their cam-els by night, and leave the cit-y qui-et-ly, for so that old man wished they should.

Their way lies a-mong the chalk-y hills where shep-herds feed their flocks. Did *those* shep-herds see them pass who late-ly heard the an-gels sing at mid-night ?

When the stran-gers have gone six miles, they reach a hill cov-ered with vines, and wa-tered by run-ning streams. They en-ter a small town built on that hill, but they know

not where to go—till—look-ing up, they see a bright star.

It is a long while since they saw that star, but they re-mem-ber it well, for it is not like oth-er stars. It moves a-long the sky. It shows the way, e-ven as a bird might do, fly-ing in the air. How full of joy those stran-gers are at the sight of that beau-ti-ful trav-el-ling star! They watch it as it moves o-ver the roofs of the hous-es. Lo it stops; it stops o-ver that low-ly roof.

How qui-et-ly the stran-gers en-ter that house! There they find a gen-tle moth-er hold-ing a sweet babe in her arms.

They bend down on that floor: they wor-ship that child. They re-joice to see that babe, as once the shep-herds did.

But they are rich-er than those shep-herds. They take the bur-dens from their cam-els' backs and o-pen their treas-ures at the ba-by's feet. Here are cost-ly box-es of pre-cious gums which flowed from the trees in their own land. Here are bags of gold, found near the riv-ers in their own land.

Those pre-cious gums will make sweet oint-ment to a-noint the ho-ly babe. That prec-ious gold will pur-chase food for the poor

babe in the long jour-ney it is go-ing soon to take. The babe's moth-er was so poor that she could not af-ford to buy a lamb for her sac-ri-fice when she went to the tem-ple. God feed-eth the fowls who know Him not, much more does He feed His own chil-dren who trust in Him.

THE WISE MEN'S JOY.—“When they saw the star, they re-joic-ed with ex-ceed-ing great joy.”—“*More about Jesus.*”

LESSON XXXI.—A CHILD'S EVENING PRAYER.

Je-sus, ten-der Shep-herd, hear me !

Bless Thy lit-tle lamb to-night,
Through the dark-ness be Thou near me,
Keep me safe till morn-ing light.

Through this day Thy hand has led me,
And I thank Thee for Thy care ;
Thou hast warmed, and clothed, and fed me,
Lis-ten to my eve-ning prayer.

Let my sins be all for-giv-en,
Bless the friends I love so well,
Take me when I die to heav-en,
Hap-py there with Thee to dwell.

M. L. Duncan.

LESSON XXXII.—THE BOY AND THE NUTS.

A boy once saw a jar which was full of nuts; so he went and put in his hand to take some out. He took up all the nuts his hand could hold. But he could not pull them out, for the jar had a small neck.

“Let go half the nuts, my boy,” said a man who stood near, “and then try.” The boy did so, and then found he could pull out his hand quite well.

Do not grasp at too much, or you will lose all.

LESSON XXXIII.—THE SALMON.

The sal-mon is a fine fish. It lives some-times in our riv-ers; some-times in the deep sea. Sal-mon go up the riv-ers in the be-gin-ning of the sum-mer. In some riv-ers sal-mon go up much soon-er than in oth-ers, but sel-dom more than one or two at a time. Some-times these fish re-pose in the deep pools or cav-i-ties by the wa-ter-falls. You won-der how the sal-mon get o-ver the cas-cades that are met with in the riv-ers, but these fish can rise as much as ten feet out of the wa-ter, so that they shoot up with ve-loc-i-ty to the high-er bed of the riv-er, dash-ing o-ver

ev-e-ry thing that lies be-fore them. As soon as sum-mer is o-ver the sal-mon be-gin to go down the riv-er to the sea.

LESSON XXXIV.—A CHILD'S MORNING PRAYER.

I thank Thee, Lord, for qui-et rest,
And for Thy care of me :
O ! let me through this day be blest,
And kept from harm by Thee.

O, let me love Thee ! kind Thou art
To child-ren such as I :
Give me a gen-tle ho-ly heart,
Be Thou my Friend on high.

Help me to please my pa-rents dear,
And do what-e'er they tell ;
Bless all my friends both far and near, .
And keep them safe and well.

M. L. Duncan.

LESSON XXXV.—THE MAN IN THE SNOW.

Once there was a man, and he went out to walk o-ver the cold snow. It was win-ter, and it was ver-y cold. The man was trav-el-ling from one town to an-oth-er town, and he had to walk a-long, a great way, a-mong the rocks, trees, and moun-tains.

He walk-ed a-long un-til at last he be-came ver-y cold. The wind blew ver-y hard, and more snow be-gan to fall down out of the sky. The snow fell so fast that he could not see his way. His feet were ver-y cold, and his hands were ver-y cold, and by and by he be-gan to be ver-y cold and numb all o-ver. Pres-ent-ly he could not go an-y far-ther, and he sank down ex-haust-ed on the snow.

His hat blew off, and his head fell down in-to the snow, which kept fall-ing from the sky, and part-ly cov-ered him. Here he lay un-til he was al-most dead. Not far from where he was, there was a large house, where man-y peo-ple lived. They had a dog, a large black dog, with a bush-y tail and a white breast, and af-ter the snow storms the peo-ple used to send out their dog to see if he could find an-y men lost in the snow. The dog came out on this day as soon as the storm was o-ver, and the peo-ple came out af-ter him to help the men, if he should find an-y in the snow. The dog ran a-long be-fore them, and when he found this man ly-ing in the snow he stood o-ver him and barked. He barked ver-y loud. He wan-ted the men who were be-hind him to come quick-ly, and

help this poor trav-el-ler out of the snow. He could not lift him out him-self, and so he barked for the oth-er men to come. The men lift up the poor trav-el-ler out of the snow, and car-ry him to their house, and warm him, and give him some sup-per.

LESSON XXXVI.—THE TEACHING OF CHRIST.

When the bless-ed Sav-iour was on earth, “He went a-bout do-ing good.” He went on foot from place to place, heal-ing the sick, and preach-ing the gos-pel where-ev-er He was. And as the peo-ple fol-lowed Him in throngs, bring-ing their sick to be healed, He used to preach to them in the streets, and so His ser-mons were most-ly preached out of doors, and by the way-side. He did not take *texts* to preach from, as min-is-ters now do, but made His ser-mons out of an-y-thing a-round Him. At one time, when the morn-ing sun was com-ing up o-ver the hills, He point-ed to it, and told His dis-ci-ples that they were the light of the world. At an-oth-er time He point-ed to the salt which had been wast-ed and drench-ed till it was good for noth-ing, and then showed that His peo-ple are like it, when they lose His spir-it. There

is a white cit-y on the top of yon-der high hill, and it is seen from ev-er-y place a-round, and He tells His dis-ci-ples that they are like such a cit-y set on a hill. That man who is plough-ing keeps his eye on the fur-row ; he does not turn and look back a mo-ment ; and Christ tells us, that if we look back we are not fit for the king-dom of hea-ven. From the man sow-ing in the field, Christ teach-es us how the word of God is preached, and how dif-fer-ent men re-ceive it. So He teach-es from the vine by the way-side ; from the fig-tree in sight ; from the vine-yard on the hill-side ; from the cast-ing of a net in-to the sea ; from the light-ing of a spar-row on the ground ; and from the fall-ing of a hair. Or He sees some lil-ies, and tells us to con-sid-er them ; how they are more rich-ly clothed than Sol-o-mon in all his glor-y ev-er was.—*Todd.*

LESSON XXXVII.—INSTINCT.

In March, 1816, an ass was shipped at Gib-ral-tar on board the Is-ter frig-ate, which was bound for Mal-ta. The ves-sel hav-ing struck on a sand-bank off the Point de Gat, the ass was thrown o-ver-board, in the hope that it might be a-ble to swim to land, of

which, how-ev-er, there seemed but lit-tle chance, for the sea was run-ning so high, that a boat which left the ship was lost. A few days af-ter, when the gates of Gib-ral-tar were o-pened in the morn-ing, the guard was surprised to see Val-iant, as the ass was called, pre-sent him-self for ad-mit-tance. On en-ter-ing the town, he pro-ceed-ed im-me-di-ate-ly to the sta-ble which he had for-mer-ly oc-cu-pied. The poor an-i-mal had not on-ly swum safe-ly on shore, but with-out guide or com-pass had found his way from Point de Gat to Gib-ral-tar, a dis-tance of more than two hun-dred miles, through a moun-tain-ous and in-tri-cate coun-try, in-ter-sect-ed by streams, which he had nev-er trav-ersed be-fore, and in so short a pe-ri-od that he could scarce-ly have made one false turn.—*Bingley.*

LESSON XXXVIII.—THE VULTURE.

The vul-ture is a great fierce bird. It has great heav-y wings, which spread out fur-ther than you can reach your hands. It grasps the log or the rock on which it stands with its sharp long claws.

Vul-tures do not eat bread, or corn, or lit-tle seeds like the Rob-in. No, they eat the flesh

of dead an-i-mals. They live far off, a-mong the moun-tains and rocks, where there are no men and no hous-es. They fly high in the air; when they are thirs-ty they fly down, down, down, till they come to some lit-tle brook run-ning through the for-est, and they stand up-on the bank of the brook and drink. When they are hun-gry they fly a-round and a-round till they find some dead an-i-mal ly-ing on the ground, and then they come down up-on it and tear it to pie-ces with their sharp claws and their hooked bill.

LESSON XXXIX.—THE CALL OF SAMUEL.

In Is-rael's fane, by si-lent night,
The lamp of God was burn-ing bright;
And there, by view-less an-gels kept,
Sam-uel, the child, se-cure-ly slept.

A voice un-known the still-ness broke,
"Sam-uel!" it called, and thrice it spoke.
He rose,—he asked whence came the word?
From E-li? No, it was the Lord.

Thus ear-ly called to serve his God,
In paths of right-eous-ness he trod;
Pro-phet-ic vis-ions fired his breast,
And all the cho-sen tribes were blessed.

Speak, Lord ! and from our ear-li-est days
In-cline our hearts to love Thy ways ;
Thy wak-'ning voice hath reached our ear,
Speak, Lord, to us ; Thy ser-vants hear.

And ye, who know the Sav-iour's love,
And rich-ly all His mer-cies prove,
Your time-ly, friend-ly aid af-ford,
That we may ear-ly serve the Lord.

LESSON XL.—PINS.

What a small thing a pin is, and yet it takes ten men, if not more, to make it. One man draws the wire ; the next makes it straight ; the third cuts it ; the fourth points it ; the fifth grinds it for the head ; the sixth makes the head ; the seventh puts it on ; the eighth makes the pins white ; and the ninth and tenth stick them in rows. What a number of pins they will thus make in a day !

LESSON XLI.—THE SOUL.

I have a soul that will not die. It will live when I am laid in the grave. It is my soul that thinks, and feels pain when I do wrong.

God, who hears and sees me, and knows all that I do, will one day call me to stand in

His sight. He will judge me in that great day for all that I think, and feel, and wish, and do, and say. He will love them that love Him, and take them to dwell with Him on high.

If we would have peace with God, and joy in our own souls, in this world and in the world to come, we must walk in the fear of the Lord, and do His will. The poor brute beasts have no souls, but the child who goes to school and learns to read, has a soul that will live when all the stars, and the sun, and the moon have set to rise no more.

LESSON XLII.—BALLOONS.

Have you seen a great round bal-loon sailing in the air? It looks small as it is seen high up in the sky, but in re-al-i-ty it is ver-y largé. The rea-son why it looks small is be-cause it is a great way off. The bal-loon is ver-y large. It is lar-ger than an or-di-na-ry sized room. It is ver-y light. They make it ver-y light on pur-pose, and then it ri-ses and sails a-way through the air. Did you ev-er see a feath-er sail a-way through the air? The bal-loon sails through the air like a feath-er.

The bal-loon is cov-ered with net work,

which is spread all o-ver it. From the low-er part of the bal-loon strings hang down, to which a car is at-tached. In this car a man is sit-ting. All the trees, and grass, and hous-es, and fields are down be-low him on the ground, and he is sail-ing up high in the air. The wind blows him a-long. He looks down and sees the trees, and grass, and hous-es, and fields, all far, far be-low him. He must be ver-y care-ful not to fall out of his car. If he should fall out of his car, he would fall down, down, a-way down to the ground, and be killed. He must keep in his car, and hold on tight, and by and by his bal-loon will come slow-ly and gent-ly down to the ground, and then he can get out.

LESSON XLIII.—THE LARK AND HER YOUNG.

A lark hav-ing built her nest in a field of corn, it grew ripe be-fore her young ones were a-ble to fly. Fear-ing lest they should be des-troyed when the corn should be reaped, she told them, be-fore she went out to get them food, that they must lis-ten at-ten-tive-ly if they should hear an-y thing said a-bout reap-ing the field. At her re-turn they told her that the farm-er and his son had been

there, and had agreed to ask their neighbours to help them in cutting the corn. "And so they depend up-on neighbours to help them?" said the mother bird; "very well, then I think we need not be afraid for to-mor-row." The next day she went out, and desired them to listen as before. When she returned they told her that the farmer and his son had again been there, but as none of their neighbours came to assist them, they had put off reaping till the next day, and intended to send for help to their friends and relations. "Since they still depend up-on others to do their own work," says the mother lark, "we need not fear; but be careful as before to let me know what happens in my absence." The young ones next day told her that the farmer and his son had a third time visited the field, and finding that neither friend nor relation was willing to help them in reaping their corn, they were resolved to come next morning and cut it down themselves. "Nay, then," said the lark, "it is time to think of removing, for as they now depend only on *themselves* to do their own work, it will certainly be done." So she contrived to get her little

ones out of the nest to the shel-ter of a hedge
be-fore morn-ing.

LESSON XLIV.—THE CHILD'S TALENT.

God in-trusts to all
Tal-ents few or man-y;
None so young and small,
That they have not an-y.

Though the great and wise
Have a great-er num-ber,
Yet my one I prize,
And it must not slum-ber.

God will sure-ly ask,
Ere I en-ter heav-en,
Have I done the task
Which to me was giv-en?

Lit-tle drops of rain
Bring the spring-ing flowers,
And I may at-tain
Much by lit-tle powers.

Ev-e-ry lit-tle mite,
Ev-e-ry lit-tle mea-sure,
Helps to spread the light,
Helps to swell the treas-ure.

Edmeston.

LESSON XLV.—THE ROBIN; A PARABLE.

A rob-in came in the depth of win-ter to the win-dow of a good peas-ant, as if it would like to come in. Then the peas-ant o-pened his win-dow, and took the lit-tle crea-ture kind-ly in-to his house. So it picked up the crumbs which fell from his ta-ble, and his chil-dren loved and che-rished the lit-tle bird. But when spring came, and the bush-es and trees put forth leaves, the peas-ant o-pened his win-dow, and the lit-tle guest flew out to the neigh-bour-ing wood, built its nest, and sang mer-ri-ly. And be-hold at the re-turn of win-ter, the rob-in came back to the house of the peas-ant, and its mate came with it. The man and his chil-dren were ver-y glad when they saw the two lit-tle birds, which looked at them so con-fi-ding-ly with their bright eyes. And the chil-dren said, "The lit-tle birds look at us as if they were go-ing to say some-thing." Then their fath-er re-plied, "If they could speak, they would say, Kind-ness a-wa-kens con-fi-dence, and love be-gets love."

Krummacher.

LESSON XLVI.—THE WIDOW OF NAIN.

Our Sav-iour had one day been preach-ing to a great mul-ti-tude, and work-ing mir-a-cles, af-ter which He set out for the cit-y of Nain. A great mul-ti-tude fol-lowed Him. Some went be-cause they want-ed to hear Him preach a-gain ; some, be-cause they want-ed to see Him do some great mir-a-cle ; and some fol-lowed Him be-cause oth-ers did.

Just be-fore they reach the gates of the town they meet a fu-ner-al. It is a large fu-ner-al, though there is on-ly one mourn-er. It is the moth-er of the dead,—a poor wid-ow,—who has lost her on-ly son, the staff of her age. It is to-wards eve-ning, the hour of the day when they u-su-al-ly bur-y their dead. Christ looks wear-y, for it is sup-posed that He has walked a-bout twelve miles to-day. When the two pro-ces-sions meet they both stop. The weep-ing moth-er fol-lows the bier. She is just think-ing how her son used to look ; how his voice used to sound ; how he was du-ti-ful and kind to her. She is re-call-ing his child-hood, and the man-y hopes she has had con-cern-ing him. She is think-ing how lone-ly her home will now be, how

lit-tle she has to live for, how glad-ly she would die with him. She is close-ly veiled, and sees noth-ing but the dust on which she treads. She won-ders why they have stopped. But their stop-ping will keep the dust of her child with her just so much long-er. How she weeps ! What makes her start so at the voice of a stran-ger, who kind-ly says, " Weep not ? " What makes her thrill at the sound ? She nev-er heard that voice be-fore. She nev-er heard such tones be-fore. She draws a-side her veil, and there stands be-fore her one fair-er than the sons of men. She trem-bles, and is read-y to fall down at His feet, though she hard-ly knows why. By a mys-te-ri-ous pow-er, all are hushed and si-lent. In those coun-tries they do not have cof-fins as we do. They place the corpse on a kind of bier, with a cov-er-ing o-ver it made of cloth, with a light frame, so that the dead man seems ly-ing un-der a sort of can-o-py, with the nar-row cur-tain at the head lift-ed up to show his pale face. He is wrapped in white lin-en, com-plete-ly cov-ered up ex-cept the face. That mys-te-ri-ous stran-ger looks in up-on the face of the dead, with one hand rest-ing on the bier. How hushed are all the

mul-ti-tude. The si-lence is such that the rus-tling of the high palm-leaf might be heard. Now He speaks: "Young man, I say un-to thee, a-rise!" How quick-ly the warm blood rush-es through his veins. How quick-ly his cheek flush-es. How quick-ly his pulse beats; his bos-om heaves. And now he sits up and speaks. How grace-ful-ly the Sav-iour takes him by the hand, and de-liv-ers him to his moth-er. Her staff that was bro-ken is re-stored to her. Her child is brought back from the dead. Oh, it is so like a dream that the moth-er can-not speak. Her a-maze-ment is so great that she can-not fall down at His feet. She sees nothing but her boy, who was lost and is found, who was dead and is a-live a-gain. It is like be-ing brought back from death to life her-self.—*Todd.*

LESSON XLVII.—BIRDS' NESTS.

Birds' nests are built not for show but for use, for there the old bird lays her eggs, and hatch-es her young. That is, the bird first pla-ces her eggs in the nest. Then she sits up-on them all day and night, for weeks to-geth-er, to keep them warm, and nev-er leaves them ex-cept when she flies off for a

few mo-ments to drink a lit-tle wa-ter, and pick up a lit-tle food. And so, af-ter the prop-er time, these eggs be-come lit-tle birds. And lit-tle birds, when they first break the shell and come out of it, are ver-y ten-der lit-tle crea-tures in-deed, and if the moth-er did not take great care of them they would die. But birds are ver-y fond of their young ones, and they nurse them ver-y kind-ly. So, you see, the nest has now be-come a *birth*-place where birds are born; a *home* where birds are fed; and a *school* where birds are taught. And when the young birds are old e-nough to fly, they leave the nest for a lit-tle while, and come back a-gain; and af-ter-wards they leave it al-to-geth-er; and the chil-dren hav-ing left the house, the moth-er, not want-ing it for her-self, for-sakes it too.

So much, my dear chil-dren, for the nests of birds. And when you think of these lit-tle crea-tures, you will, I hope, thank God for cloth-ing them with such nice warm beau-ti-ful feath-ers; for giv-ing them food; and for teach-ing them to make their nests.

Manner-ing.

LESSON XLVIII.—THE YOUNG MOUSE.

A young mouse lived in a cup-board where sweet-meats were kept. She dined ev-er-y day up-on bis-cuit, mar-ma-lade, and fine sug-ar. Nev-er did an-y lit-tle mouse live so well.

She had oft-en dared to peep at the fam-i-ly while they sat at sup-per. Some-times she e-ven stole on the car-pet, and picked up the crumbs. No-bod-y ev-er hurt her.

Well, one day she came to her moth-er in great joy, squeak-ing out, "Moth-er, the good peo-ple of this fam-i-ly have built me a house to live in; it is in the cup-board. I am sure it is for me, for it is just the right size. The bot-tom is of wood, and it is cov-ered all o-ver with wires. There is a door too, just big e-nough for me, so that puss can-not fol-low me. The good peo-ple have put in some toast-ed cheese, which smells so nice. I should have run in di-rect-ly, but I thought I would tell *you* first. Let us go in to-geth-er, and both lodge there to-night, for it will hold us both."

"My dear child," said the old mouse, "it is luck-y you did not go in, for your fine house

is noth-ing but a trap. You would nev-er have come out a-gain, ex-cept to have been de-voured by the cat, or drowned. Though man has not so fierce a look as a cat, he is still more cun-ning, and cer-tain-ly no friend of ours."—" *Evenings at Home.*"

LESSON XLIX.—WORK AND PLAY.

Work while you work, and play while you play,
That is the way to be hap-py and gay;
All that you do, do with your might;
Things done by halves are nev-er done right.

One thing at a time, and that done well,
Is a ver-y good rule, as man-y can tell.
Mo-ments are use-less when tri-fled a-way,
So work while you work, and play while you play.
Stodart.

LESSON L.—THE WHALE.

A whale is a large fish. There is no beast or fish as large as a whale; they have been seen of so large a size, that they look like land as they float on the top of the sea. They have a large mouth but a small throat, so that they can-not eat large fish. The tongue is a lump of fat, which yields a great deal of oil; their eyes are small, and have lids to them;

they have fins and a large tail, which they lash in rage or pain, and the sea is then all foam for some way round. One blow from the tail of a whale will o-ver-turn a boat. It is of use to it when it swims; its fins help it to turn. When the whale is in fear for her young, she takes them on her back and puts up her fins, so that they can-not fall off. Whales take great care of their young, and are ver-y fond of them.

You would think that a whale can have no fear, it is so large and strong; but there is a fish called the sword fish, of which the whale has a great dread, and which he tries to shun in all ways, or to strike with his tail, but in vain does he try, for the sword fish is so quick that it bounds out of the sea, darts down on the whale, and wounds him with its sharp, sword-like snout or nose, so that the sea is red with the whale's blood. Men kill whales with a sort of spear, which they dart or throw at the whale; and when it is struck it dives down in-to the sea, quite out of sight, but soon comes up a-gain to the top for want of air. The men are on the watch for this, and as soon as they see it rise, they strike it with their spears till it dies. When the whale is dead, it

is cut up, and those parts which yield the oil are put into casks.

A whale with one of its young was once left by the tide close to the shore, where the sea was not deep, so that it could not ea-si-ly get a-way. The men who saw them took their spears and got in-to their boats to go and kill them, for they were a rich prize. The whales were soon much hurt; but the old one was strong, and with one bold push got away from her foes, and swam out to the deep sea. She had not been long there, when she found her poor young one was not with her; she swam back in-to the midst of her foes to seek it, and they both had the good for-tune to be borne back by the tide to their safe and wide home in the deep sea.—“ *Little Lessons.*”

LESSON LI.—THE COW.

Thank you, pret-ty cow, that made
Pleas-ant milk to soak my bread,
Ev-er-y day and ev-er-y night,
Warm, and fresh, and sweet, and white.

Do not chew the hem-lock rank,
Grow-ing on the weed-y bank;
But the yel-low cows-lips eat,
They will make it ver-y sweet.

Where the pur-ple vi-o-let grows ;
Where the bub-bling wa-ter flows ;
Where the grass is fresh and fine,
Pret-ty cow, go there and dine.

"Nursery Rhymes."

LESSON LII.—THE NEST.

John came to his mam-ma and said, "What do you think I have seen, mam-ma? A bird build its nest. I saw it fly in-to the large elm tree at the end of the long walk, with a bit of moss in its beak, and Tom told me this moss was to build its nest with. So I stood still to watch it, and I saw it fly to the tree and to the fields, and then back a-gain to the tree; it was so hard at work! Tom says if I wait a few days, he will help me to climb up to the nest, and then I can peep in, and see what is in it.

In a few days John came once more to his mam-ma, and said, "Well, I have had a peep in-to the nest, and I have seen three small blue eggs; and Tom tells me the old bird will sit on them night and day for three weeks, to keep them warm, and in a month I am to climb up and peep once more in-to the nest." At the end of a month John came to his

mam-ma and said, " I have had a peep in-to the nest; there are no blue eggs now, but three young birds; and when I came down from the nest, I saw the old bird fly in-to it with a worm in her beak to feed the young birds with. They can-not fly yet, nor peck as old birds do, so the old ones go out and fetch them food, and the young ones gape wide their beaks, and in drops the food which the old ones bring. As soon as they grow large and strong they will leave the nest, and seek their own food, and next year they will build nests too."—" *Little Lessons.*"

LIII.—THE CARE OF GOD.

The spar-row of the Scrip-tures is prob-a-bly the same as that of Eng-land; dwell-ing in cit-ies, and in such num-bers that they real-ly have no val-ue in the es-ti-ma-tion of men. Five of them are worth on-ly two far-things! Five birds for two far-things! And yet Christ as-sures us, " not one of them is for-got-ten be-fore God!" " Why should a spar-row be thought of so lit-tle con-se-quence, while a hu-man be-ing is so much es-teemed? A spar-row may be found killed in the street, but no one picks it up, or

ev-en stops to look at it. Let a lit-tle child be found killed, and the whole com-mun-i-ty would be moved, and the of-fi-cers of jus-tice would at once search and scour the re-gion to find out who did it. The lit-tle spar-row might lose its pa-rents, and cry for food, and no one would heed it. But let the moth-er-less and fath-er-less child cry for food, and how quick-ly the hand is stretched out to feed it! Let a cold storm beat up-on a thou-sand spar-rows and kill them all, and it would be hard-ly no-ticed; but let two chil-dren be found fro-zen to death, locked in each oth-er's arms, and the sto-ry will e-lec-tri-fy the whole peo-ple of the land. And yet God re-mem-bers ev-er-y such lit-tle bird; sees it the fledg-ling in the nest; watch-es it when it first tries its wings; and cre-ates ev-er-y seed that it eats, and ev-er-y crumb that it picks up. The lit-tle crea-ture may have no val-ue in the es-ti-ma-tion of men, but he is God's work-man-ship. He is one of God's crea-tures, and "His ten-der mer-cies are o-ver all His works." And yet, though God nev-er lets one of these go out of His mem-o-ry or His care, He deems one hu-man soul of more val-ue than man-y spar-rows. Yes, you might gath-er to-geth-er

all the fowls of heav-en that ev-er sang a note, or ut-tered a twit-ter of joy ; you might bring in-to one field all the an-i-mals that ev-er lived, and in-to one sea all the fish that ev-er swam, and one hu-man soul would be of more worth than all these ! Christ tells us of how lit-tle val-ue spar-rows are in the es-ti-ma-tion of men, in or-der to tell us how God thinks of them ; nev-er for-get-ting one of them a single mo-ment. And He tells us this in or-der to tell us some-thing more ; and that is, that a hu-man soul is of more val-ue than ma-n-y such crea-tures. If, then, He nev-er for-gets one of them, how sure He is not to for-get crea-tures made in His own like-ness.—*Todd.*

LESSON LIV.—THE STORY OF SHALLOW, SELFISH,
AND WISE.

Once there were three boys go-ing in-to town to buy some play-things ; their names were Shal-low, Self-ish, and Wise. Each had half a dol-lar. Shal-low car-ried his in his hand, toss-ing it up in the air, and catch-ing it, as he went a-long. Self-ish kept teas-ing his moth-er to give him some more mon-ey ; half a dol-lar, he said, was not e-nough. Wise

walked a-long qui-et-ly, with his cash safe in his pock-et.

Pres-ent-ly Shal-low missed catch-ing his half dol-lar, and chink it went on the side walk, and rolled down in-to a crack un-der a build-ing. Then he be-gan to cry. Self-ish stood by, hold-ing his own mon-ey tight in his hands, and said he did not pit-y Shal-low at all; it was good e-nough for him; he had no bus-i-ness to be toss-ing it up. Wise came up, and tried to get the mon-ey out with a stick, but he could not. He told Shal-low not to cry; said he was sor-ry he had lost his mon-ey, and that he would give him half of his, as soon as they could get it changed at the shop.

So they walked a-long to the toy shop.

Their moth-er said that each one might choose his own play-thing; so they be-gan to look round on the coun-ter and shelves.

Af-ter a-while, Shal-low be-gan to laugh very loud and hear-ti-ly at some-thing he found. It was an im-age of a grin-ning mon-key. It looked very droll in-deed. Shal-low asked Wise to come and see. Wise laughed at it too, but said that he should not want to buy it, as he thought he should soon get tired of

laugh-ing at any-thing, if it was ev-er so droll. Shal-low said that he should nev-er get tired of laugh-ing at so very droll a thing as the grin-ning mon-key ; and he de-ci-ded to buy it, if Wise would give him half of his mon-ey ; and so Wise did.

Self-ish found a rat-tle, a large, nois-y rat-tle, and went to spring-ing it un-til they were all tired of hear-ing the noise. " I think I shall buy this," said he ; " I can make be-lieve that there is a fire, and can run a-bout spring-ing my rat-tle, and cry-ing ' Fire ! fire ! ' or I can play that a thief is break-ing in-to a house, and can rat-tle my rat-tle at him and call out ' Stop thief ! ' "

" But that will dis-turb all the peo-ple in the house," said Wise.

" What care I for that ?" said Self-ish.

Self-ish found that the price of his rat-tle was not so much as the half dol-lar ; so he laid out the rest of it in cake, and sat down on a box and be-gan to eat it.

Wise passed by all the im-a-ges and gau-dy toys, on-ly good to look at a few times, and chose a soft ball ; and find-ing that it did not take all of his half of the mo-ney, he pur-chased a lit-tle mo-roc-co box with an ink-stand, some

wa-fers, and one or two short pens in it. Shal-low told him that was not a play-thing, it was on-ly fit for a school; and as to his ball, he did not think much of that. Wise said he thought they could all play with the ball a great ma-ny times, and he thought, too, he should like his lit-tle ink-stand on rain-y days and win-ter eve-nings.

So the boys walked along home. Shal-low stopped ev-e-ry mo-ment to laugh at his mon-key, and Self-ish to spring his rat-tle; and they looked with con-tempt on Wise's ball, which he car-ried qui-et-ly in one hand, and his box done up in brown pa-per in the oth-er.

When they got home Shal-low ran in to show his mon-key. The peo-ple smiled at it, but did not take much no-tice of it; and, in fact, it did not look half so fun-ny even to him-self as it did in the shop. In a short time it did not make him laugh at all, and then he was vexed and an-gry with it. He said he meant to go and throw the ug-ly old bab-oon a-way; he was tired of see-ing that same old grin on his face all the time. So he went and threw it o-ver the wall.

Self-ish ate his cake up on his way home.

He would not give his broth-ers any, for he said they had had their mon-ey as well as he. When he got home, he went a-bout the house, up and down, through par-lour and cham-ber, kitch-en and shed, spring-ing his rat-tle, and call-ing out, " Stop thief! stop thief!" or " Fire! fire!" Ev-e-ry bod-y got tired, and asked him to be still; but he did not mind, un-til, at last, his fath-er took his rat-tle a-way from him, and put it up-on a high shelf.

Then Self-ish and Shal-low went out and found Wise play-ing beau-ti-fully with his ball in the yard, and he in-vi-ted them to play with him. They would toss it up a-gainst the wall, and learn to catch it when it came down; and then they made some bat sticks, and knocked it to one an-oth-er a-bout the yard. The more they played with the ball the more they liked it, and as Wise was al-ways very care-ful not to play near any holes, and to put it a-way safe when he had done with it, he kept it a long time, and it gave them plea-sure a great man-y times all the sum-mer long.

And then his ink-stand was a great trea-sure. He would get it out in the long win-ter eve-nings, and lend Self-ish and Shal-low,

each, one of his pens ; and they would all sit at the ta-ble, and make pic-tures, and write lit-tle let-ters, and seal them with small bits of the wa-fers. In fact, Wise kept his ink-stand box safe till he grew up to be a man. That is the end of the story.—*Abbott*.

LESSON LV.—TREES. PLANTS. SHRUBS.

Let us talk of the things that grow out of the earth ; some are large, some are small ; we see plants of all si-zes. First, there is the tall tree. Its root is in the earth ; the root goes down deep, and spreads out wide and far ; if not, the wind would blow the tree down. Then there is the stem, or trunk, with bark all round it, much as my skin is round me. Then there are the large boughs, like arms, and the small branch-es and the leaves. Some trees have large leaves, some have small leaves. Some trees have boughs which go straight up, some spread out wide. Each leaf has a stalk, by which it hangs on the branch. Some trees have blos-soms, and bear fruit.

Now let us look at a tuft of grass. It has a root as well as the tree, which goes but a short way in-to the ground ; I can pull it out of the

ground with ease; then it has no trunk, no boughs, no branch-es, but long leaves or blades, as we call them, which spring from the root. The fruit which grass bears we call the seed.

Next we will look at a bush. Here is a white thorn bush. Its root is firm in the earth; I can-not pull it up as I did the grass. It has a small stem, boughs, branch-es, and leaves, but not quite like a tree; and in the spring of the year it bears white blos-soms, which have a sweet smell, and when they fall off they leave the small fruit we call a haw. These haws are green at first, and red when ripe. The birds feed on them. Bush-es and shrubs have a stem, but the stem does not grow tall and clear from boughs, as the stem of a tree does.

The trunk of a fir tree is tall and straight, and serves for the masts of boats and ships, and for poles. The trunk of an oak is not so tall, but it is large and hard, and wears and lasts a long time. The hulls of boats and ships are made of oak. The floors of rooms are made of fir, or *deal*, as we call the wood of the fir tree. It is cut in-to planks, or those thin, broad, flat boards you see in the floor, by

means of a sharp saw. A saw is a tool which has sharp teeth. The wood of all trees is of use.

Hors-es, cows, and sheep feed on grass; the shrubs and bush-es yield fruit, and please the eye with their leaves and blos-soms. The birds, too, build their nests in them, and cheer us with their sweet songs. So, you see, trees, shrubs, and plants, please the eye, the ear, the taste, and the smell. Plants of all kinds and forms grow out of the earth.—“*Little Lessons.*”

LESSON LVI.—THE OAK TREE.

Sing for the oak tree,
The mon-arch of the wood;
Sing for the oak tree,
That grow-eth green and good:
That grow-eth broad and branch-ing,
With-in the for-est shade;
That grow-eth now, and yet shall grow,
When we are low-ly laid.

The oak tree was an a-corn once,
And fell upon the earth;
And sun and showers nour-ished it,
And gave the oak tree birth.

The lit-tle sprout-ing oak tree !
Two leaves it had at first,
Till sun and showers had nour-ished it,
Then out the branch-es burst.

The lit-tle sap-ling oak tree !
Its root was like a thread,
Till the kind-ly earth had nour-ished it,
Then out it free-ly spread :
On this side and on that side,
It grap-pled with the ground,
And in the an-cient rift-ed rock
Its firm-est foot-ing found.

The winds came, and the rain fell,
The gust-y tem-pests blew ;
All, all were friends to the oak tree,
And strong-er yet it grew.
The boy that saw the a-corn fall,
He fee-ble grew and grey ;
But the oak was still a thri-ving tree,
And strength-ened ev-e-ry day.

Four cen-tu-ries grows the oak tree,
Nor doth its verd-ure fail ;
Its heart is like the i-ron-wood,
Its bark like pla-ted mail.

Now cut us down the oak tree,
The mon-arch of the wood ;
And of its tim-bers stout and strong
We'll build a ves-sel good.

The oak tree of the for-est,
Both east and west shall fly,
And the bless-ings of a thou-sand lands
Upon our ship shall lie.
For she shall not be a man-of-war,
Nor a pi-rate shall she be ;
But a no-ble Chris-tian mer-chant-ship,
To sail up-on the sea.

Then sing for the oak tree,
The mon-arch of the wood ;
Sing for the oak tree,
That grow-eth green and good :
That grow-eth broad and branch-ing,
With-in the for-est shade ;
That grow-eth now, and yet shall grow,
When we are low-ly laid.—*Mary Howitt.*

LESSON LVII.—THE BEAR AND HER CUBS.

A ship of war, the Cau-case, was sent to make dis-cov-er-ies to-wards the North Pole. While fro-zen and locked in the ice, the man at the mast-head gave no-tice, ear-ly one

morn-ing, that three white bears were di-rect-ing their course to-wards the ship. They had no doubt been in-vi-ted by the scent of the blub-ber of a sea-horse, killed by the crew a few days be-fore, and which had been set on fire, and was burning on the ice at the time of their ap-proach.

They proved to be an old bear with her two cubs; but the cubs were near-ly as large as the dam. They ran ea-ger-ly to the fire, and snatched from the flames por-tions that re-mained un-con-sumed, and ate as if they were ver-y hun-gry. The crew threw up-on the ice some great lumps of flesh al-so, which they had still on hand. These the old bear fetched a-way sing-ly, laid them be-fore her cubs, and di-vi-ding them, gave to each a share, re-serv-ing but a small por-tion for her-self. As she was fetch-ing a-way the last piece, the sail-ors lev-elled their mus-kets at the cubs, and shot them dead; and in her re-treat they wound-ed the dam, but not mor-tal-ly. It would have drawn tears of pit-y from an-y but the most un-feel-ing to have seen the af-fec-tion-ate con-cern ex-pressed by this an-i-mal.

Though she was her-self dread-ful-ly wound-ed, she still re-tained the piece of fles^t

in her mouth, car-ried it back to her cub-
tore it in pie-ces, and laid it be-fore them
When she saw that they re-fused to eat, she
laid her paws up-on one, and then up-on the
oth-er, and en-deav-oured to raise them up
all the while moan-ing most pit-e-ous-ly
When she found that she could not stir them,
she went a-way, and when she had got to some
dis-tance, looked back and moaned. When
that did not en-tice them a-way, she re-turned,
and smell-ing a-round them, be-gan to lick
their wounds. She went a-way a sec-ond
time, as be-fore, and hav-ing crawled a few
pa-ces, looked a-gain be-hind her, and for
some time stood moan-ing. But her cubs
still not ri-sing to fol-low her, she re-turned
to them a-gain, and with signs of in-ex-press-i-ble
fond-ness went round paw-ing them, still
moan-ing. Find-ing at last that they were
cold and life-less, she raised her head to-wards
the ship, and ut-tered a growl of des-pair,
which the crew re-turned with a vol-ley of
mus-ket balls. She fell be-tween her cubs,
and died lick-ing their wounds.—*Todd.*

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